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The Collector

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THE COLLECTOR

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DUTCH ART AND OTHER THINGS

THEY were wise collectors who commenced to buy modern Dutch art five years back. Leaving aside the matter of taste, the investment has already produced them more interest than a gold mine. In the first number of this paper, just three years ago, I drew attention to the steady and healthy growth into favor of the works of this school, and to-day my most sanguine predictions in regard to it are more than verified. As a distinct and individual group the painters of Holland will this year stand most prominently before the American public. No matter with what variations of modern art they may be placed in contrast, they will surely hold their own in a place of the foremost importance. Three of the strongest men are gone in Bosboom, Mauve and Jongkind, but their works remain, and in the cases of the first and the last named, who are but little known in this country, a revelation awaits the majority of our collectors. Some of Jongkind's pictures have strayed across the Atlantic, but I question if there are half a dozen Bosbooms to be found in all the private collections of the United States. The veteran was so highly esteemed at home, so thoroughly natural and great in his art, that his com-

patriots competed for his works with almost the fervor of the tulip maniacs of the past, and left the stranger who has seized upon the masterpieces of Mauve and of Israels no opportunity to enrich his collections with Bosboom.

* * *

The source of strength in this school is the same as that which gave to the French school of 1830 the force to revolutionize the art of its time. But while the modern Dutchman in a general way seeks the same alma mater for inspiration, and cherishes much the same ideals, he is in no sense an imitator of his Gallic predecessors. He is as thoroughly national and original as they were. He resembles them only in the fact that he has recognized the same truth. In their art we find reflected much of the romance of a turbulent time of revolutions and dynasties set up like spittles for the sport of bowling them down. Even Millet invested his peasants with a certain afterglow of the watchfires and the barricades from which he fled from Paris to live and die at Barbizon. The Dutchman, less disturbed by political contentions, surrounded by scenes which do not disturb his nerves, translates

his environment into a simpler and soberer pictorial form. It is true that he has the sea to fear, but it is such an old enemy and he is so accustomed to watch and thwart its caprices that it has become almost a friend. It sends him the mists which soften the rudest and most uncouth forms of nature, and whose descending showers enrich the soil; the great yellow waves that burst against his dykes, and the strong salt breezes that ruffle the surfaces of his shallow rivers, and the quiet harbors which once floated some of the richest fleets of the world. It is this nature which he paints, and the people in it who, poor and content, pursue in humble industry the ways their forefathers trod, and adhere to the customs which made their forefathers picturesque to the mind and the eye. The Dutch artists do not go to their cities for subjects. The poorest pictures which are painted in Holland—pictures which, happily, are never seen here, and which do not belong to Dutch art at all—are those wretched genres which, in base imitation of the old masters, make vulgar subjects of the life of the towns. Bosboom alone could convert by the magic of his genius the architectural features of a city into things of visible beauty and intellectual joy. To the others a fragment of the town is but an incident to a poem of wind and weather and air and light, and not a subject in itself.

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The fact is, simply, that in their populations and even in some instances their architecture, the Dutch cities have lost most of their national character. It is among the dykes and sand dunes, the pasture lands, canals and villages, and the crumbling dead cities of the silted seas, that you must seek the Dutchmen of history and of art.

* * *

At the galleries of Boussod, Valadon & Co., among a variety of works by the Maris's, Weissenbruch, Ter Meulen, and other men, including, by the way, a superb sketch by Bosboom, is an extremely interesting group of pictures in oils and in water colors by Bloomers. The Schaus galleries show pictures of William Maris—a most delightful willow grove with ducks; a scene in the lists of a mediæval tournament by A. Van Maasdyk called "The Victor," handled with the utmost spirit and originality of manner; and out of a number of works by well-known older men, examples of the newer names of Jan Krolyk, W. C. Rip, Weismueller and Sniescher. A little Mauve in this gallery—a herd of sheep being driven along a moorland brookside, with a few bare, spindly trees, is a perfect gem of pure, clear color devoted to the rendition of a gray autumn day. The Knoedler galleries, always rich in Dutch art, are now richer than ever. There are few names even of secondary note which do not find representation in portfolios or on the walls of its water color, or its oil rooms. At Avery's, Blakeslee's and Reichard's, you find choice examples of the successors to Van Ostade and Terburg, and I hear rumors that one of the foremost picture dealers in Holland contemplates bringing a collection across the water. Outside of the private collections of Scotland or Holland itself, I question if any showing of these artists would be made equal to what could be gathered from dealers and private owners in this country, but we cannot see too much of good art, and the experiment is at any rate worth anticipating and encouraging. A modern Dutch gallery, after the plan of the Düsseldorf gallery of years ago, would not be a bad idea either for the Dutch artists or the American collectors.

* * *

A very valuable series of publications is that issued by the *Librairie de l'Art*, in Paris, under the general title "Les Artistes Célèbres." The latest addition to the list is a biography of J. B. Greuze, by Ch. Normand, with fifty-eight text cuts and eleven full-page plates in red, most of them being facsimiles of original drawings. To art collectors and to writers on art these publications, cheap as they are, are beyond price, for they bring the information which applies to their subjects down to the very latest time, and present much in the way of new material. Some fifty biographies have been already issued, including such masters as *Fortuny*, *Rembrandt*, *Decamps*, *Regnault*, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, *Delacroix*, *Gavarni*, *Terburg*, *Velasquez*, *Turner*, *Barye*, *Corot*, and others old and modern, and many more are in preparation. The same house issues some guides for collectors that cannot be missed with profit, such as *Emile Molinier's* "Dictionnaire des Emailliers," with biographies, marks and monograms; *George Duplessis* on "Engravers, Their Marks and Monograms," and *A. de Champeaux*, "Dictionnaire des Fondateurs, Ciseleurs, Modeleurs en Bronze et Doreurs," from the middle ages to the present time. For ready reference as to the signatures and marks on the objects referred to, these works have no rivals. They may be ordered through Mr. Bouton,

The collector of almanacs will also find at Mr. Bouton's the first issues of the Paris calendars for 1893, as usual witty and wicked in text and embellishment. There are the "Almanach du Charivari," the *Parisien*, the *Comique*, the *Amusant*, that of the *Cocottes*, the "Almanach Pour Rire," with the familiar cover by Cham, and the "Almanach des Parisiennes," by Grevin, partly made up now by his successor, B. Gautier.

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One of the early announcements for the season concerned an exhibition of pictures by J. C. Cazin, in connection with which, as far as could be learned, Mr. Cazin was to be imported upon the same invoice as his collection, in order to assist in booming himself. This was good news. Mr. Cazin is, within his lines, a painter of the high order. He limits his range, but what he does within the boundaries of his selection or his ability, whichever it may be, he does well. He is at the head of a school which subordinates everything to sentiment, and if his art is not as strong as steel, it is because any art which has not passion and fire in it, is weak by comparison. The weakness of Mr. Cazin's art is, that it replaces creative ideas, and the powerful forces of full-blooded thought, with sentiment and dim sentimental suggestiveness alone. I now understand that Mr. Cazin's visit has been deferred on account of the cholera scare, but that he may come to us in even fuller feather next season. Meanwhile, if people want to see what an American landscape painter can do beside whom Mr. Cazin is but a pigmy, they may look in at the Loan Exhibition at the National Academy of Design on the group of works by one artist only of the number there represented.

* * *

Over in Jersey, on a slope of the Orange mountains, lives an old man, with a rather gaunt figure, careless of costume, with piercing eyes under his grizzled brows. His name is George Inness, and he is the greatest landscape painter alive. It would be a scandal at this national anniversary period if we had to go abroad for a ballad-singer in this art, when this great poet, whose immortality is assured, is living and working at our doors. We need all the exhibitions of good art which we can secure in this country, in order to arouse public attention and interest, as well as to serve an instructive purpose. I would like to see collections of the works of any number of painters of strength and originality scattered about the land. The penny-a-lining critics will tell you that Doré could not paint, but I say that whether he could paint in the technical sense or not, his marvelous creative genius teaches more lessons to the people in a day than all the charlatan scribblers who deride it could in a lifetime. They told you *Verestchagin* could not paint, but I say that there is more muscle, bone, heart's blood and national character in his fierce and brutal art than in all the *fin de siècle* school of France put together. Those who own his pictures need have no fear. His time is coming, as it came to Millet and his confrères, and as it has come to the veteran over among the Orange mountains, who, after a long lifetime of vicissitude and struggle, enjoys the glory of a golden sunset at the head of his art in the world. He towers above his contemporaries like a giant. The only living painter of landscape who approaches him in stature is *Harpignies*, who, if he had more feeling and variety, would be a French Inness.

* * *

Nothing could be farther from my thoughts, in making these comparisons, than a desire to belittle Cazin or anybody else. I try to honor all men in their degree, and in giving George Inness the place I esteem him worthy to hold, I do not diminish my admiration for those who pursue the art which he renders glorious, according to their limitations.

* * *

To come down from the artist to the man, for in the man you find the solution of the great mystery which constitutes the artist as a being apart from his kind, I have known Mr. Inness personally for many years, I have seen him in his disorderly studio assailing a canvas as if it were a living thing that he must conquer. I have seen him under green trees and in open meadowlands, heedless of weather, while the mood for work was on him. I have heard him discourse in the disjointed way of a man with ideas so fruitful that they trip each other up in the utterance. And, knowing him as I do, I do not wonder that at the age of sixty-seven he paints with the vigor of a young Colossus, for such men never grow old. They have in them the spirit of Ulysses; for them all experience is "an arch wherethrough gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades, forever and forever" as they move. A distinctive feature of Mr. Inness' art is its progressiveness. He has never ceased to advance. His most complete and powerful works are his latest. Where younger men are content with

one theme with which they feel a sympathy and harp on it forever, he ranges all nature and finds his inspirations in her most divergent manifestations. Feeling and sentiment, which form the investing charm of a Cazin, do not content him. He has all the feeling and sentiment, but underlying it must be an idea. For him nature is rich in a sort of religious spirit. She appeals not only to his eye and heart, but to his soul. In his great and philosophic mind he worships her vast organic forces, and in his pictures his brush reflects the tenor of his thought. He loves her in every season, in every weather, in every visible form; when the storm wind drives a scud across the sea; when the hoarfrost blasts the scanty autumn foliage; when the fields are green with midsummer, or patched with winter snow; in pastoral meadows, fruitful farms, lonely waste lands abandoned to desolation, mountains whose peaks pierce the clouds, and torrents whose fury rends chasms in rocks, he remains the same. Where Corot at fifty was content to rest his art among the willows and birches of Ville d'Avray; where Rousseau in his prime took to the Forest of Fontainebleau for his final inspirations; the whole western continent is not too wide for him. He even goes back to his old wanderings abroad, and the other day you might have seen at Mr. Clarke's art house a canvas, now the property of one of our collectors, showing the coast at Etretat on a stormy day, which Dupré or Courbet at their best have scarcely equaled.

This is a really wonderful picture. At the left are rocks on which the sea breaks, and the spur of one of those tunneled cliffs which are a characteristic feature of this portion of the French coast. All the rest is a turbulence of angry waters under a sky of whirling clouds. A fishing boat is tossing on the billows near the dangerous shore. In color, movement and expression, this is a finer work than the finest marine of Dupré's that I ever saw. The only approach to it that I can recall was a picture of some fishing boats by moonlight, painted by Troyon, which I saw in the Wilson collection before it was broken up. Another of his French reminiscences is a windy fall day in a wide farm country, with laborers in the fields and a wagon being loaded with the harvest. But he is most serene and thoughtful, and has more to tell you in his American landscapes; his old homesteads, embowered in the slumberous splendor of midsummer; his autumn mornings, with the red sun rising upon the brown stubble and the denuded thickets where the last robin lingers still; his summer showers spreading over valleys smiling with their wealth of fertility; and his spring scenes in which nature, reviving from her hibernation, puts forth the color of new life and shakes off her winter coverlet of snow. We have an abundance of landscape painters in this country—too many in proportion to our artists in the figure—but of great ones you may count the number on your fingers with a whole hand in reserve for the Montclair master, the greatest of them all.

It is two years since I broached in this paper the idea of an art display to commemorate in New York the occasion which Chicago will spread herself upon. The present exhibition at the National Academy of Design only partially meets my idea, since it is, practically, entirely modern, and shows only the present condition of our art. However, it is not fair to look a gift horse in the mouth, especially when he is as well groomed as this one.

The collection at the Academy has been borrowed from owners of pictures and from the painters themselves. It includes, from the collection of Mr. William T. Evans, Thomas Moran's fantastic and colorful "Dream of the Orient," and that beautiful landscape by Robert C. Minor, "The Close of Day;" by Abbott H. Thayer, "The Winged Figure," owned by Mr. H. A. Carey; a most artistic little Venetian street scene by John S. Sargent, owned by Mr. Stanford White; Gilbert Gaul's spirited "Group of Confederates with Fate Against Them;" R. M. Shurtliff's large and artistic "Autumn Woodland;" L. C. Tiffany's "Market Day at Nuremberg;" Thomas Moran's "Mountain of the Holy Cross;" Leonard Ochtman's poetic "The Rising Moon;" F. V. Du Mond's picture of "Monastic Life," which attracted so much attention at the last Academy display; J. M. Tracy's large and clever picture of a "Dog Retrieving a Wounded Goose, Chesapeake Bay;" Charles H. Davis' beautiful large view of "The Valley;" Hamilton Hamilton's attractive child picture called "Sunbeams," and his "Lighting the Way;" that charming little picture by H. O. Walker showing "Hagar and Ishmael;" T. W. Dewing's decorative "Hymen;" Charles H. Miller's masterly "Gray Day on Long Island," and Thomas S. Noble's effective figure of "A Polish Exile." Other contributors among our artists are W. A. Coffin,

Stanley Middleton, W. J. Baer, W. Verplanck Birney, R. W. Van Boskerck, J. H. Twachtman, J. H. Witt, J. Appleton Brown, Rosalie L. Gill, C. Coventry Hayne, Leslie G. Cauldwell, S. Salisbury Tuckerman, J. H. Dolph, Frank Fowler, Herbert Denman, Walter Shirlaw, J. C. Nicoll, E. L. Durand, Maria Brooks, Frank Waller, G. H. McCord, Edward Gay, B. Foster, Carl J. Blenner, E. Emil Prinz, M. F. H. De Haas, R. W. Vonnoh, M. J. Whittemore, Joe Evans, W. B. Faxon, E. M. Ward and S. C. Earle.

Mr. Thomas B. Clarke's collection is represented by forty-five pictures, including, among seven examples of George Inness, "White Mountains" and "The Delaware Valley," and seven Winslow Homers, among which are "Eight Bells," "The Camp Fire," "The Bright Side," "The Carnival," "The Two Guides" and "Visit to the Old Missions;" George de Forest Brush's "The Aztec Sculptor;" C. F. Ulrich's "The Glass Blowers;" Eastman Johnson's "The New England Pedler;" Edwin A. Abbey's "Autumn;" H. S. Mowbray's "Scheherazade;" Albert P. Ryder's "The Temple of the Mind;" W. T. Smedley's "Embarrassment;" D. W. Tryon's "The Lighted Village," and Louis Moeller's "Puzzled." Others of Mr. Clarke's pictures are examples of F. D. Millet, W. M. Chase, R. A. Blakelock, R. Swain Gifford, A. H. Wyant, H. R. Poore, John Lafarge, C. M. Dewey, Frederick Dielman, Thomas Hovenden, George B. Butler, A. H. Thayer, J. F. Murphy, Irving R. Wiles, H. Bolton Jones, W. A. Coffin, Thomas Eakins, Carleton Wiggins, Walter Shirlaw, Philip B. Hahs and Charles C. Curran.

C. F. Ulrich's "In the Land of Promise," from the William T. Evans collection, as well as from the same collection, Gilbert Gaul's "Charging the Battery;" Worthington Whittredge's "An Old House by the Sea;" George De Forest Brush's "Before the Battle;" F. S. Church's "Mermaid and Sea Wolf;" A. H. Wyant's "Early Autumn;" Wyatt Eaton's "Ariadne," and Winslow Homer's "Sunday Morning in Virginia," and other features are, by Homer Martin "Low Tide at Villerville, Normandy;" Arthur Quartley's "Morning, New York Harbor" and "Morning at Rockaway," the former owned by Mr. Evans and the latter by Mr. William F. Havemeyer. There are also examples among others of David Johnson, H. Bolton Jones; Elliott Daingerfield, "The Mothers;" E. A. Abbey, "The Visitors;" Douglas Volk, a portrait of a lady; Will H. Low, "The Portrait;" F. C. Jones, the very attractive "The Little Visitor;" Arthur Parson, Bruce Crane; F. W. Freer, the sympathetic "The Sisters;" C. M. Dewey, C. A. Loomis and W. Whittredge, "New England Coast." We are given also the late C. L. Elliott's portrait of N. P. Willis when a young man, and Thomas Cole's "Christ at the Well;" Daniel Huntington's large "Science and Art;" W. M. Chase's "Canal at Dordrecht;" Lockwood de Forest's "The Sphinx;" an early A. F. Tait, "After the Hunt;" a capital little pastel, "Interrupted," by L. G. Cauldwell, a single figure of a young girl; and S. J. Guy's "The First Sewing Lesson." Others represented are A. Bierstadt, Francis H. Throop, Arthur Parson, Childe Hassam, H. Humphrey Moore, E. Wood Perry, T. B. Griffin, Joseph Lyman, J. H. Beard, W. T. Richards, J. W. Casilear, John A. Fraser, Edward Gay, Thomas Moran—his spirited "A Northeast Gale at East Hampton"—Lyell Carr, H. C. Foss, August Franzen and G. W. Edwards. The sculptures, which are all too few, are F. Edwin Elwell's capital plaster busts of Louisa M. Alcott, and of another lady holding a book, and J. S. Hartley's admirable bust of the late John Gilbert.

While I am upon the subject of American art, I would again call the attention of our amateurs to the unique and beautifully-stocked galleries of Mr. William Macbeth, upon Fifth avenue, just above the Hotel Brunswick. Mr. Macbeth has had many years of personal association with our artists, and, apart from his natural taste and experienced judgment, enjoys exceptional facilities for replenishing his collection directly from their studios. I do not believe that anyone with a true sympathy for art can visit Mr. Macbeth's galleries without being deeply interested, and collectors of our native art simply cannot afford to deprive themselves of the pleasure and profit of a visit.

I regret to be compelled to announce the death of M. Charles Durand-Ruel, the eldest son of the veteran expert and picture dealer, and well known in the United States as a business man of great energy and a gentleman of the most amiable traits. For some time before his death the management of the American branch of his father's house had largely rested upon him, and its present important position and prosperous condition is to be

chiefly credited to his commercial perspicacity and his knowledge of and sympathy with the arts in which he dealt. To American art collectors he was a familiar and popular personage, indefatigable in his labors and of the foremost enterprise in them. He expired upon the night of September 18 at his father's house in Paris, I believe of an affection of the heart. The management of the American branch of the house will, I suppose, devolve upon his brothers.

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Many of our older collectors will remember how often one would see around the ship chandlers' shops and in the shop windows of the various stores along the river fronts walrus tusks and whales' teeth, scratched or engraved with various devices, from a star or anchor to as elaborate a design as the crucifixion; and sometimes a full-rigged ship in a whisky flask, which seemed as intricate as the Chinese puzzle; solid-linked chains cut from wood, whales' ribs, and the like, and other marine curios. These, as their buyers knew, were the productions of the seamen on whale ships. Poor Jack, often exiled for years before sufficient oil and whalebone was procured to make the return voyage profitable, would put in his spare time in making these memoranda of his cruise. You find them scattered in waterside taverns nowadays or in the houses of old skippers, but they do not appear in commerce. Petroleum has driven sea oil out of the market, and what little romance there was in the hard and laborious life of the whaler has disappeared with steam whalships, and harpoon guns and torpedo lances to replace the old hand-casting of the hackled spear.

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Once in a while, however, examples of this extinct form of American art do turn up. When they appear in this city it is generally in the hands of Mr. Fritz R. Kaldenberg, who, by the nature of his business, is a large buyer of ivory and bone for use in decorative art. Recently, he sold to the son of one of our oil kings, who has already made a considerable collection of such objects, a pair of walrus tusks, engraved by an American sailor, of great beauty and interest. These two examples are very artistic in execution, and show clearly the drift of thought of their maker. First, he gives the emblem of his State, Virginia; then, our colonial bravery, as shown by the response of the minute man to the call of the farmer's maiden; then, the recollection of babyhood, mother and home, which follow poor Jack in his homeless wanderings till he finds his eternal rest. On the mate of the first tusk the top picture represents the Goddess of Liberty urging the warrior to defend his country; next, the native Indian, with his squaw and their papoose, in a manner pitifully intimating that, notwithstanding the nomadic life of the aborigine, he still has more than the poor and isolated whaler, cast upon the chance fortunes of a capricious and cruel sea. But home is uppermost in his mind, and his last picture is a scene of his happy boyhood days. To him who has felt the sting of the surf upon his cheek, who has heard the howling of the hurricane, and, with the cry of "Breakers ahead!" heard that other terrible call, "MAN OVERBOARD!" these emblems of the fore-castle are nothing less than sacred. How many of these humble artists rest well, fathoms deep in unfathomed mains, where the livid deep sea lichen make their winding sheets, and strange sea monsters wonder at their bones, as things from another, unknown sphere?

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I notice that Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge have two sales of special interest on hand. The first in order of date is that of the old bookseller, Edward W. Stibbs, a man who cut much the same sort of figure in London as did the late Alphabetical Burnham. When he died he left an enormous accumulation of books. The second portion of his sale has over 3,200 titles in the catalogue. An effort was made to sell them in block, but no bookseller could be found with nerve or capital enough to carry such a stock. There should be good buying for all lines of book collectors in these sales, which extend from October 27 to November 4. The other sale, although it covers but five days, means a great deal more to collectors in the higher field of bibliophilism. It consists of the choicer portion of the library of Count Louis Apponyi, one of a family of Austrian diplomats long accredited to the English court. In the last century the formation of this library was begun by Count Antony Apponyi, the grandfather of the present proprietor, who was a most accomplished scholar, and who began buying books at a time when the winds of political trouble and the cyclones of revolution scattered splendid collections broadcast. His son and grandson continued to add to the library, but the bulk of it remains what the grandfather, who died in Vienna in 1817, made it. The present catalogue contains over 1,300 titles, among which are such treasures as that rarest of all De Bry's works, the

"Account of the Gunpowder Plot," Gomara's "Istoria de las Indias y Conquista de Mexico," etc., the autograph logbook of Pitonays of the coast of America, the first edition of Aristotle, in six volumes, printed by Aldus, the Vulgate Bible printed by Aldus in Rome in 1590 and suppressed by Gregory XIV, and so on through a long list of first editions, rare issues, many with the most precious illustrations, illuminated manuscripts and the like.

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Part two has appeared of the "Contributions Towards a Dictionary of English Book Collectors," etc., which is being issued by Mr. Bernard Quaritch. This useful work gives accounts of the collections of Mary, Queen of Scots, Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, Sir John Thorold, Col. Thomas Stanely, James Edwards, John Rennie, Henry Perkins and Henry Huth, the rarest books being enumerated and their sales prices given. This number is illustrated with a color plate of one of Marie Antoinette's bindings, and a portrait of Henry Huth, and each article is printed in separate leaves, so that upon the completion of the collection it can be separated and the various papers given each its proper alphabetical place.

* * *

One of the landmarks of New York to the student of the town who combines a taste for the odd with a weakness for good living of the good old kind is The Studio on Sixth avenue. The Studio, among establishments of its kind, is unique. It is, to begin with, what is generally known in this country as an English chop house, of which we have plenty of one kind and another. Its menu, which rarely varies, includes the usual fat mutton chops, succulent steaks, kidneys in various shapes of incandescence, as your palate may demand, and the inevitable stewed cheese, which you find on the bill of fare in all such places. But what The Studio has entirely to itself is its artistic atmosphere.

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The founder and present proprietor of this establishment might be taken for an Englishman or a Bostonian. I believe he is the latter by origin. At any rate, in all the years that I have known him he has been one of the most enthusiastic collectors one could hope to meet. His pet field of collectorship is pictures, but he has a sharp eye for old bronzes, weapons, silver plate, china, and pretty much everything else that is rare and beautiful. It is to be said to his honor that merely odd things, without an artistic charm, rarely find their way into his hands, and then only by accident.

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You may eat your chop or rarebit in rooms rich in charming examples of Daubigny, Isabey, Defaux, Paul Vernon, Max Claude, Benjamin-Constant, William M. Chase, and other painters famous in our day, set off with a trimming of trophies of arms, Arab guns with wonderfully inlaid stocks and barrels, statuettes and silver work fit to grace the sideboard of a prince. But it is not until you explore the house itself that you really gain an idea of the wealth of art which it contains. Every room is a little museum. In one you find a magnificent Italian landscape, by Richard Wilson, and one of John Sell Cotman's fine little coast scenes; in another a landscape by Ruysdael, another by Zuccarelli, a Venetian scene by Guardi, and a splendid night piece, with a burning house under the moonlight, by Aart Van der Neer. Here is a St. George by Benjamin West, there a marine by Gudin, yonder a Pieter Van Os. By Jan Steen is a peasant gnawing a ham bone; by Bellé a powerful mountain pass, with an Arab horseman traveling the perilous path along the crags; by Jan Both, a landscape; a portrait by Frans Hals, and a Venice by Canaletto. One of the best examples of Brauer possible is here—a tavern interior, with two peasants playing cards upon a barrel head while a third looks on. Pictures by American artists are abundant. In fact, the house was originally a great headquarters for them. William M. Chase once had his rooms here, and the first idea of the Society of American Artists originated under its roof. Since so many of the artists moved uptown The Studio sees less of them. Its present patronage is largely made up of literary people, men about town, and the mercantile community of the neighborhood. But the traditions of the past are still kept up. There are constant additions to the collection, and you can scarcely fail from day to day to notice in your surroundings here some new object of interest, the spoil of mine host Ingalls' diurnal explorations of the shops and his nightly attendance at the auction rooms.

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Anyone interested in the collection of fans will find it worth while to look in at the water-color gallery of M. Knoedler & Co., where a fan designed and painted by Marcus Simon may now be seen. On a ground of water, blue and green, bespangled with stars, are three panels in circles; at the left one showing the

source of a stream in a little rivulet winding its way through a charming landscape; the next giving the brook pulsating with life as it gathers strength upon its advance, while a wood nymph pipes a tune upon its banks; and last the sea, vast and profound, in whose vague and desolate immensity the offspring of the remote and pleasant country loses itself forever. The painting is executed on parchment, the colors being enriched with gold, and is framed in a splendid floral and ornamental frame of the last century style, and protected in a close case.

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In reminding the readers of *THE COLLECTOR* that this is the last issue of Volume III, and that the fourth year commences with the number of November 1st next, I would take the same opportunity to request all subscribers whose terms may expire with this volume, and who may have found this paper sufficiently worth the subscription price for them to continue reading it, to notify me of their renewals at their earliest possible convenience. By doing so they will materially aid in the compilation of the new subscription books, and so facilitate the business of the paper, and insure accuracy in the continuance of its deliveries. *THE COLLECTOR* will be found, hereafter, to be extended and improved in many directions, and in the course of the coming volume, some material of, I believe, unusual interest, which is now in preparation, will be presented.

TENNYSON BY PAUL RAJON

THE death of the great poet who, more than all other modern writers of verse, kept the English language pure and brilliant, should call attention to the fine portrait of him which was etched by Paul Rajon, and which is published by Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co. This portrait was taken while the poet was still hale and vigorous. Its wonderful fidelity as a likeness, combined with its high artistic qualities, have already given it in England, and, to a certain extent, here also, the rank of the best portrait of Tennyson, but it is still far too little known. The head is half life size, and the whole plate is of the same dimensions as Rajon's famous portrait of Darwin—which latter now sells for about \$300—in choice proof state. It is of this plate that Rajon's biographer, Frederick G. Stephens, wrote: "It is simply one of the finest specimens of modern draughtsmanship." The Tennyson had not yet been etched when Hamerton wrote his famous "Etching and Etchers;" but in this book he calls Rajon "a great artist," and says of one of his earlier portraits, "the face is one of the finest pieces of work ever executed." This very important plate will, undoubtedly, increase in value, as the companion portrait of Darwin's has done.

I often question whether people, no matter how much they may appreciate Rajon's plates, appreciate his great works at their true value. He executed many reproductive plates which were of fine technique and frequently of lasting worth to collectors, but in his original portraiture he was supreme. He was not only a finished draughtsman, but a student of character with a remarkable appreciation and grasp, as well as a delightful delicacy of expression. His crayon portrait of Whistler, which may also be had, in facsimile of the original, of Keppel & Co., is a veritable masterpiece. He was a really great artist, who chose the copper plate as his method of expression, as other great artists have done, not from weakness in another medium, but from the inclination of his taste. In portraiture we have no one to compare with him as an etcher excepting Rembrandt. He was the son of a hairdresser at Dijon, and as a boy became a retoucher of negatives in the gallery of his brother-in-law, who was a photographer. On a saved-up capital of fifty francs he made a trip to Paris as a cheap excursionist, and having found employment as a retoucher, spent his leisure in the studio of Pils as a pupil. He formed his own style of etching, simply because he had neither time nor means to study the art scientifically—for which we may be thankful. Henri Beraldi, a critic from whom there is no appeal, gives him the highest praise for his Darwin and his Tennyson, and notes in his "Graveurs du XIX Siècle," that two years ago the proofs of the latter sold as high as 400 francs in Paris.

The signature of Jefferson Davis attached to Confederate documents is becoming more rare every year. Papers bearing it are highly prized. A gentleman in this city, says the *Savannah News*, has in his possession a pardon for a young man, who was convicted in Confederate district court here of stealing from the mails, granted by Mr. Davis that is an example of the leniency shown by the Confederate chief executive. The young man was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Mr. Davis, in granting the pardon, said: "It being reported to me that he did not exceed 14 years of age at the time of the commission of the offense; that he is deeply and sincerely repentant; that he made a full confession of his guilt at the time of his arrest; that he pleaded guilty at the time; that his character before the commission of the crime was unexceptionable, and that he has been strongly recommended for pardon by the district judge who tried the case and others, I therefore pardon him, relieving him from all the legal consequences of his conviction and sentence." The paper bears, besides the signature of Mr. Davis and that of Secretary Benjamin, the seal of the Confederate States. The pardon was granted in 1862, and is a document of interest and value as a relic.

THE LYALL COLLECTION

IN the last issue of this paper a brief mention was made of the death of Mr. D. C. Lyall, of Brooklyn, an art collector of the first rank among American amateurs. For many years previous to his death Mr. Lyall had been carefully collecting, and thirteen years ago had already accumulated, so many art treasures that the erection of a gallery became a necessity. In beautiful works by the best masters the Lyall collection is both rich and rare. As in several other Brooklyn collections the works of the Barbizon school cut an important figure. Of these the Lyall collection has three of Millet, three of Corot, three of Rousseau, four of Daubigny, four of Jules Dupré, two of Diaz, two of Jacque; and Troyon, Delacroix and Courbet are also represented. It only needs a Decamps to fill the list of the Barbizon men and make this one of the finest representative collections of that school in this country, for of these twenty-five canvases nearly every one ranks high, and a large majority of them are masterpieces. Of the Millets "La Naissance du Veau" is perhaps the best known. It was one of the studies of peasant-life and of the emotions of common humanity that Millet so loved to portray. It was a Salon picture of 1864, and was among the most important works of the artist shown at the Barye Exhibition at the American Art Galleries in this city two or three years ago. Two laborers are carrying on a bed of hay on a hurdle the newly-born calf, the anxious mother following closely and caressing it as they move along. A big, strapping country girl, with a pail, whose eyes are soft in motherly sympathy, brings up the rear of the procession. In color, in tone, in the expression of the faces and poses of the figures—everything is in gentle harmony in this poem of brute creation. The three Corots are of almost equal merit, but "Le Bouleau" is esteemed to be the most important work of the three. Through the middle distance is a brook, with a clump of willows on the left, and a solitary birch sapling on the right. A lightly-trodden path winds by the brookside and loses itself in the wood, of which the sapling stands out as the sentry to its dark depths. Beyond stretches a grassy meadow, and the whole is characterized by the simplicity of manner and the subdued harmonies which mark about the middle period of the artist's many works. Of the three superb Rousseaus, one shows a peasant plowing on a moist morning; the horse pants as he trudges through the loamy soil, and his heavy breath mingles with the mist; and other figures at work are dimly shown in the background. Equally realistic is a composition of huge rocks and wide-spreading oaks in autumn foliage, near the shade of which cattle are browsing in the soft sunshine, which is strongly contrasted with the purple woods closing in the background. The Daubignys are all superb examples. One is a tender study in pale green; another is of a duck pond reflecting the long shadows of evening, with feathery poplars against the dreamy sky; and another is a large, wide canvas, showing cattle drinking at a purling stream under the creeping shades of night.

The Duprés offer striking contrasts of the versatility of his great genius as a close student of Nature in all her moods, ranging from a misty dawn, out of which looms up a huge oak, while beyond are seen farm buildings with just a suggestion of renewed life about them, to a soft summer sky beaming on luxuriant vegetation, and an evening scene with rippled water and wind-blown clouds. Diaz has in the collection an important canvas, which may be accepted as an illustration of the vitality of that joyous nature which supported him through the afflictions of a laborious youth and the privations of an early manhood of neglect. It is a fanciful conceit of nymphs and cupids, and is splendid in both modeling and color. In the cool forest shade, by a pool in the foreground which mirrors their forms, the nymphs are gracefully posed, and flitting around them, pelting them with flowers, swinging in the foliage, catching butterflies by the pond or dancing on the velvety sward, are the laughing, mischievous cupids. It is glorious in all that makes a picture, and is an allegory of Nature's quiet joys in the ideal age of gold which will bring contented a smile to a heart of care. One of the Jacques, a landscape, with sheep, is masterly in treatment, and these lead up to the large and important Troyon.

Connoisseurs claim that in all his works he has done nothing to surpass this. Two cows fill the foreground standing upon a bare spot in a field of weeds and wildflowers. They front each other, and are affectionately completing each other's toilet. It is a cattle piece, more splendid in spirit and more powerful in color, in vivid realism and quiet naturalness than the one with which this great artist astonished the French Salon in 1847, after his close study of the old Dutch masters. It was purchased at the sale of the Stewart collection. The canvas, by Eugène Dela-